

The Crittenden Press

Volume 44

Marion, Crittenden County, Kentucky, Friday, Dec. 9, 1921

No 21

Society

On Monday evening Mrs. John Belt gave a surprise birthday party for her son, Freda. The Senior class of the Marion High School were the guests of honor as Mr. Belt is a member of this class. After an evening of entertaining games, refreshments consisting of fried chicken, hot biscuits, pickles, salad, hot chocolate, ice cream and cake were served.

Those present were: Misses Vida Higham, Edith Crider, Irene Daugherty, Marie Lowry, Evelyn Moore, Martha Reed, Virginia Doss, Leola Sullenger, Cora Smith Marie Taylor, Bernice Thompson; Messrs. Ernest Threlkeld, Paul Travis, Sylvan Moore Calvert Small, Robert Frazer and Freda Belt.

MARRIED IN PRINCETON

Dr. O. T. Lowery, of Tolu and Miss Miss Jennie Houston, of Carrsville, went to Princeton Wednesday of last week, and were married. Dr. Lowery is a gifted young physician and has a large practice. Miss Houston is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Houston, of Carrsville. She is a cultured young lady and has many winsome qualities. The Press congratulates them.

BAZAR PLANS COMPLETED

The plans for the Bazaar to be given at the school building, under the auspices of the School Improvement Club, Friday evening have been completed and everything is being made ready for an evening of wholesome fun as well as a market for almost anything one might desire. The proceeds will go for improvement and to buy equipment for the school buildings.

The doors will open Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock and remain open until 11 o'clock. The play to be staged in the school auditorium with an all star cast will begin at 8 p. m. There will be candy booths, hamburger stands, fish pools, fancy work for Christmas presents. In fact there will be so many attractions and markets that they are too numerous to mention all.

This is the first attraction of the School Improvement Club for this year and promises to be the best one they have given.

DECLAMATORY CONTEST

The Crittenden County Declamatory contest was held Friday evening at the Marion High School Auditorium. Educational Divisions One and Two were represented.

Miss Ruby Holloman, representing Brown School won the first prize, a \$10 gold piece. Miss Gladys Clark, representing Forest Grove school, won the second prize, a five dollar gold piece.

Mexico school was represented by Miss Velda Champion. Each speaker proved herself a worthy contestant.

The High School Orchestra furnished music which added much to the program and was enjoyed by all present.

CAMPBELL-CASSIDY

A marriage of much interest to a large circle of friends was that of Mrs. Jessie Cassidy, of Salem, to Mr. Thomas E. Campbell, of Dycusburg, which was quietly solemnized Saturday evening November 5, at Kuttawa, in the parsonage of the officiating minister, the Rev. J. W. Woodson, pastor of the Baptist church.

The only attendants were the brides sister, Miss Emma Padon of Nashville, Tenn., and brother, Mr. William Padon of Paducah.

After a short stay in Paducah, they are at home to their many friends near Dycusburg.

WOODALL-BELT

Mr. Reed Woodall and Miss Margie Belt were married at the home of the bride's parents, Nov. 24, Rev. J. B. Paris officiating. This popular young couple reside in the Piney Creek section. The groom, a son of Mr. Will Woodall, is a hustling farmer and the bride is the accomplished daughter of Rev. J. O. Belt.

Their many friends wish for them success and happiness.

Farm Bureau Notes

Experiment Station Winnings

Winnings of the Kentucky Agricultural Experiment Station at the recent International Live Stock Exposition represent one of the major accomplishments of the institution in its program for improved live stock in the state according to E. S. Good, head of the animal husbandry department.

More than 20 awards, including the championship on a Hampshire wether and the first prize on a pen of three junior yearling Berkshire barrows, all of which were won in large classes containing animals from the most prominent professional breeders and exhibitors from all parts of the United States, are regarded as a distinct accomplishment by station animal husbandry men.

The pen of three Berkshire barrows which were awarded the blue ribbon is a product of the Station work in breeding and feeding swine, all of them having been bred and raised on the station farm. In winning the first prize the animals defeated those from some of the most successful exhibitors and breeders in the United States.

The Hampshire wether, which was awarded the championship for wethers of his breed was declared to be one of the most evenly covered and best fitted Hampshire at the Exhibition by the live stock authorities who viewed him.

Among the prizes captured by live stock from the station farm were the following: Eighth on Shorthorn steers, 3rd and 4th on Berkshire barrows, 1st on a pen of yearling Berkshire barrows, 2nd and 6th on senior Berkshire pigs, 2nd on a pen of senior Berkshire pigs, 2nd and 7th on the offspring of one sire, 1st, 3rd, 8th 9th on yearling Hampshire wethers, 4th and 8th on Hampshire lambs 3rd on a pen of three Hampshire lambs, championship wether, 7th on Cheviot wether and 3rd in the matron improvement class.

Farmers in Fulton, Carlisle, Graves Ballard and McCracken counties who co-operated with their County Agents extension division of the College of Agriculture during the past year in conducting corn variety tests have eliminated much of the guess work which usually accompanies the selection of the best variety of corn for a given section, according to a report of the crop extension specialist from the College. The tests will be continued for several years in an effort to determine definitely which varieties are best suited to the different sections of Kentucky.

In the 21 variety tests which the farmers conducted this year:

Pride of Saline, av. 40.8 bu per A Boone Co. White av. 37.8 bu to A Reids yellow Dent averaged 34.9 bu per acre

Iowa Silver Mine averaged 32.3 bushels per acre

Hickory King averaged 29 bushels per acre.

These yields constitute the ones given in the first report received from 27 counties in which variety tests were conducted during the past summer. In most tests several local varieties were included in the work and in several cases gave higher yields than any of the five varieties listed.

HENRY-GASS

On Wednesday, Nov. 16, at the home of Rev. Rudolph Lane in this city Miss Nina Henry and the Rev. George Gass, of Dycusburg, were happily united in marriage, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Lane in his usual pleasing and impressive manner.

The bride is a popular young lady, and the groom is a well known minister, who is now attending Bethel College at Russellville. —Princeton Leader.

WEDDING

Mr. Luther Hughes and Miss Jewell Walker were united in matrimony on November 29 at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Alvin Walker. Rev. O. M. Capshaw performed the rites that made them one. Quite a number of friends of the contracting parties were present.

The bride is a favorite among her many friends and the groom is an industrious young farmer.

Notice to Our Advertisers

We are planning to issue on Thursday before Christmas a big extra page issue of The Crittenden Press with beautiful colored cover. This will be the last issue of the paper for the year 1921 and at the same time it will be the best and most expensive number we have issued.

To our advertisers the rate in this special issue will be the same as for all other issues. No extra charge, but let us urge that you reserve your space and get your copy in early. Watch for the big issue.

The Crittenden Press

LETTER FROM COLORADO

The following is a letter from Mr. M. A. Wilson, of Colorado, to W. R. Cruce, which will be of interest to our readers.

Nunn, Colo., Nov. 24, 1921
Mr. W. R. Cruce, Crayne, Ky.
My Dear Friend:

I have just read in the "Crittenden Press" a short article of great interest to me, viz, that you are still on the job in the matter of boosting good roads. I have watched with interest the Federal Highway Projects on foot in Crittenden county. Knowing the people and conditions there as I do, I have been skeptical until I knew the contract was let and dirt broken. Now I am hopeful. I am glad indeed that you and a few more have stuck until you accomplished this. I regret that I can't be with you to help. I am with you in spirit and hope that my feeble efforts in the past sowed some seed that are helping to bear this fruit. Keep up the good work. I would love to see the land of my nativity bloom as a rose with good roads. This county (Weld) spends annually on roads and bridges alone approximately \$262,000.00. Of course this county is three times as large as Crittenden, still there is a wide margin between what Crittenden spends and one third of the above amount.

Our little town of Nunn has less than two hundred inhabitants, but has electric light and motive power, fine big grain elevators, two machine shops, etc. Compare this with Marion, Ky. God bless her I love her. She is my God-mother and old Crittenden my native heath, but I regret that the people don't go in stronger for Civic improvements and can't understand the more they put into it, the more profits they would derive. This country has abundance of public spirit. This county has twenty High Schools, twenty-three local, State and National banks, and almost as many newspapers.

I am farming, but owing to conditions, bad management or other causes, I am not getting very far. I have been feeding cattle and raising wheat. Last year we had good wheat but labor expense alone was \$4200.00. We finished fifty steers and lost \$1500.00 flat on those. This year we had 6000 bushels of wheat but the price was so low we could hardly beat expenses. So you see the "White man's burden" is to spend his life working for the financial manipulators higher up.

When I read of your recent "Passum Hunt" and midnight barbecue it touched a very tender spot in my imagination and memory. How I would loved to have been present.

Twenty-five men and twice the number of stag and wolf hounds are out today on a big coyote drive including my boy with his pack of stags. This is an elegant Thanksgiving day. Although we had several inches of snow last week with the mercury 8 below zero. The new snow on the mountains is very beautiful. We see it every day of the year from our door. Come out and pay us a visit. I will take you to the hills and show you most magnificent mountain scenery, show you the wild life of the plains and the most modern and scientific farming

A DEFEATED CANDIDATE

Somebody sent this inventory of a defeated candidate of his campaign losses and he wants the readers of this paper to help him enjoy it:

"Lost four months and twenty-three days canvassing; lost 1,340 hours sleep thinking about the election; lost forty-three acres of corn and a whole sweet potato crop. Lost two front teeth and a lot of hair in a personal encounter with an opponent. Donated one beef, four shoats and five sheep to a country barbecue. Gave away two pairs of suspenders, five calico dresses, five dolls and 13 baby rattlers. Kissed 126 babies, kindled fourteen kitchen fires, put up eight stoves, cut 14 cords of wood, carried 24 buckets of water. Gathered seven wagon loads of corn, pulled 475 bundles of fodder, walked 4,060 miles, shook hands, 9,086 times, told 10,000 lies and talked enough to make in print one thousand volumes size of the patent office reports. Attended twenty-six revival meetings, contributed \$50 to foreign missions, made love to nine grass widows, got dog bit thirty-nine times and then got defeated." —Smithland Enterprise.

MAIN STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The Rev. E. N. Hart, Pastor of the Main Street Presbyterian Church, will preach in Marion on Sunday, next, the 11th, both morning and evening.

Morning service, 11 o'clock subject—"A Strong Church."
Evening service, 7 o'clock, subject—"A Strong Refuge."
All are invited.

BARN BURNED

Judge Carl Henderson's dairy barn caught fire and was burned about two o'clock Wednesday afternoon. The barn was 74x44 feet. Sixty-five tons of alfalfa, other hay and feed were destroyed. The origin of the fire is unknown. Only a small amount of insurance was carried and the loss will amount to several thousand dollars.

NEW OIL STATION

The Hawkeye Oil Co., is to put in a new oil station in this city. The new station will be located on East Depot Street near the railroad and Mr. Bart Summerville will have charge of it.

COCKERELS FOR SALE

S. C. White and Dark Brown Leghorns. Premium winners. Excellent egg strain.
M. L. Kennedy's Poultry Farm Route 1 Sullivan, Ky.

and pure bred stock raising in America all in two days driving. The famous "Lincoln Highway" passes our door.

With hopes and good wishes for good roads and the welfare of yourself and estimable wife, and wishing you lots of turkey, cranberry sauce, and good cheer on this Thanksgiving day, I beg to remain,

Your friend, M. A. WILSON

ALMOST COMPLETE RIGHT OF WAY NORTH OF CUMBERLAND

J. E. Massey and Willis Champion went across the Cumberland river last week to get the right of way signed up to the Crittenden county fine for the Federal Highway which will probably be let next year. They report good success, most every land owner being willing to give the right of way except four or five persons and it is thought most of them will later on. Some few refused absolutely to give up any ground but of course the court in cases of this kind will condemn the land and assess the damages and go ahead with the road. It should be remembered that the court in deciding on such cases figure the amount the road enhances the value of the land as well as to decide the value of the land taken up for road purposes. Therefore the logical way as well as the quickest is to make it unanimous so that Livingston county will have a model and lasting road through the entire county fit for travel the entire year.—Livingston Enterprise.

ELECTED CITY ATTORNEY

Judge James A. Moore was elected City Attorney for the next term at the meeting of the City Council Monday night. Judge is now in his 86th year and has held this office for fourteen years, and is a prominent attorney at the Marion bar. Two of his sons and two grandsons are practicing attorneys.

The judge is active and a good citizen. Politically he leans toward the Republican party; religiously he is a Methodist.

METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday School 9:30 a. m. Let us put joy into the heart of Bro. Franklin next Sunday by filling every pew in the church. Then we shall all be happy and our Lord Jesus will get to himself glory and honor.

Preaching 10:50 A. M. Sermon subject: "A Big Inheritance" and a Great Possession."

Epworth League 6:00 P. M. We have the material. Let's make each league a life saving station in the affairs of the Kingdom.

Preaching 7:00 P. M. Sermon subject: "Hiding God's High Values in the Dirt."

We shall sing the fine old hymns, and for the spice of life, we shall add a special number.

Every man gives and gets the glad hand at our church. Are you a man?

SPECIAL MEETING

The Ellis Ordway Post No. 111, of the American Legion will hold a special meeting on next Monday evening December 12, at 7:00 P. M. to elect officers for the year 1922. All members of the Post and all Crittenden County men who served in the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps between April 6, 1917 and November 11, 1918, are urged to be present at this important meeting.

The meeting will be held in the Legion's headquarters in the Carnahan Building in the rooms formerly occupied by T. C. Bennett.

OBITUARY

Martha Bradley Thomason, daughter of Jacob and Nancy Crayne, was born March 15, 1844. She was married to James Bradley, Mar. 3, 1863. To this union ten children were born only three living. B. J. Bradley, Mrs. J. A. Wilson, Mrs. J. M. Conger. Besides her children and grandchildren she leaves one brother to mourn her death. After her first husband's death she was married to J. H. Thomason who preceded her to his reward five years ago. She professed faith in Christ in early life and joined the Missionary Baptist church at Piney Creek of which she was a faithful member until death. And in all of her afflictions she was never known to murmur and often spoke of the time being near and did not fear death. Mrs. Thomason was a good woman and will be greatly missed by all that knew her.

Funeral services were held at Piney Fork church conducted by her pastor, Rev. J. B. Skinner. The floral offerings were beautiful. Her body was laid to rest in the Piney Fork Cemetery to wait the Resurrection Morn. Weep not she is not dead but sleepeth. A FRIEND

NEWS IN BRIEF

After a failure to render a verdict the jury that tried "Fatty" Arbuckle on the charge of manslaughter, has been dismissed. The date for retrial has been set for Jan. 9, 1922.

Official reports from the Department of Labor from sixty-five cities show that in forty cities there was an increase in employment.

The average price paid for tobacco at the warehouses in Owensboro this year is \$16.75 per hundred, against an average price of \$8.11 per hundred at the corresponding date last year.

Following a series of shooting scrapes in and near Wichita, Kans., 500 members of the American Legion have volunteered to aid in preserving order in case of emergency.

W. E. Lewis, 30, Pineville merchant, was arrested Sunday night, charged with the murder of Maude Wilson, Pineville waitress. Lewis is charged with having shot Miss Wilson while they were driving in his car.

William Hugh Peal, 23 years old, of LaCenter, a student in the University of Kentucky, has been chosen as the 1922 Rhodes scholar from Kentucky.

Four babies in less than a year is the record of a Taylor county, Texas, family. Early this year a baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Young. A few days ago three more boys arrived simultaneously. The mother is 30 years old and now has ten children.

Charges that Republican candidates of Breathitt county conspired to send armed men into various precincts to intimidate voters, resulting in the wounding or killing of 17 persons in one precinct, including three election officers, were made in a suit filed in Jackson, Ky., by Bryce Cundiff, Democrat, contesting the seat of James Johnson in the Legislature.

Fewer than half of the population above the age of ten, of Kentucky is engaged in "gainful occupation", figures announced by the Census Bureau show.

Lightning recently struck an iron bed in the home of T. H. Ausebaugh, Kuttawa, in which his children were sleeping. The children were unharmed and were not awakened by the bolt.

Kentucky farmers are better off than farmers in almost any other state in the Union, according to a statement made by Geoffrey Morgan, State Secretary of the Kentucky Farm Bureau Federation. Mr. Morgan made this statement after hearing reports of other State Secretaries at the National Farm Bureau meeting held at Atlanta.

The District Court at London, Ky., sentenced Rice Singleton, Harlan county, to three years in Federal prison at Atlanta, Ga., for refusing to return a registered package containing \$5,300 that was handed him by mistake.

Robert A. Widenmann, of New York, has filed in the Supreme Court a brief in a case in which he seeks to have the National Prohibition Amendment declared unconstitutional.

Proceedings were begun in Daviess County Court by the County Attorney and 18 taxpayers Saturday to have Sheriff George W. Biles refund to the County Treasury \$22,500 alleged to have been paid to him in excess of the constitutional compensation allowed to his office.

FISCAL COURT

The Fiscal Court met Tuesday with Judge R. L. Moore and Atty. Jno. A. Moore with all the Magistrates present. The general routine of business was transacted and it adjourned to meet December 27 for the last session of the present court.

NEW CITY COUNCIL

The new City Council was installed Monday night. The officers elected are: Judge Jas. A. Moore, City Attorney; Miss Katie Yandell, Treasurer; H. C. Franklin, Clerk; W. D. Cannan, Tax Collector and T. J. Wring, Assessor.

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

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MOONSHINE

It is reported that there is boot-legging and drinking in Marion, also that there are stills in operation in the county. Whether or not these reports are true the writer is not prepared to say. He has not seen or smelled any effects of booze for these three years with the exception of one or two instances. On public days when big crowds of people are in town this writer has failed to see the effects of booze among the crowd. Order and quiet and good will have prevailed.

But if there is boot-legging and distilling it ought to be and could be stopped. By a concerted action of the officers and citizens it can and should be broken up.

It looks now that Great Britain and Ireland would come to terms after years of confusion and war. It is to be hoped they do.

Congress convened again this week and begins no doubt a long tedious session. Partisan politics will doubtless rule and but little be done.

The Disarmament Conference is still in session at Washington, D. C. Some progress seems to have been made. No doubt good has already been accomplished by this conference though the disarmament may not be accomplished it will be sooner or later. The people can not and will not bear up under such unnecessary burdens always.

DEANWOOD

Mr. Alfie Cannan was the guest of Mr. T. L. Walker and family Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Stenbridge visited Mr. G. Hunt and family the week end.

Mrs. Ruth Walker and children spent Saturday with her mother, Mrs. S. I. Morse.

Mr. Herman Travis was the guest of his brother, Mr. Ewell Travis of Wheatcroft Saturday night.

Mr. Arvil Hodges visited Rev. C. McConnell one night last week.

Miss Jessie Travis spent one day last week with Mr. J. M. Travis.

Messrs. Willie and Corbit Gilbert and R. Eaton were guests of T. L. Walker and family Sunday.

Mrs. Alma McConnell visited Mrs. Buford Vanhooser one day last week.

Miss Wilma Walker spent last week with Mrs. Rebecca Walker.

Messrs. Virgil and Herschal Alexander were guests of G. D. Lamb and family Sunday.

Miss Freddie Travis visited her mother one night last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Hunt and children spent one night last week with Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Stenbridge.

CASAD

Gilliam Bracy went to Marion Wednesday.

Mrs. Ruth Carter and children visited at the home of John Vaughn Wednesday.

Seldon Ainsworth and daughters, Mary and Carrie, left for Evansville last Thursday.

Mrs. Ed Cook, who has been visiting in Marion for several days, returned home Friday of last week.

Mrs. Hardin is very sick at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Byarley.

Virgil Cook was in Marion Friday.

Ray Planary went to Marion Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Franklin and daughter visited relatives in this section the week end.

Dr. Davis, of Tolu, was called to see Mrs. Hardin Sunday.

Mr. C. Hardin, of Tolu, visited his mother Sunday.

W. R. Williams spent the week end with his family in Marion.

SALEM

The King Stock Co. have been giving a series of plays here recently.

Judge Henderson was here Sunday enroute to Smithland.

John Quermous is attending court in Smithland this week.

Mrs. Hendrick Mitchell and John Quermous, Jr., are recovering from diphtheria.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Butler visited relatives in Fredonia Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Hayden went to Marion Saturday.

The High School pupils will give a play here Saturday night.

OBITUARY

Everette Eugene Humphrey Jr. was born September 3, 1920, one and one half miles southwest of Mexico, Ky. He was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Humphrey and the only grand child of Mrs. N. M. Humphrey. He staid in his earthly home only 13 months and 28 days. Then God in his wisdom saw fit to transplant the little flower to its heavenly home, November 1, 1921. He was laid to rest in the Campbell Graveyard Nov. 2, where a host of relatives and friends met the bereaved ones at his last resting place to pay their last tribute of respect.

Bro. Mott made a short talk by the grave.

All was done for Eugene that earthly power could do, but God called and he answered. His stay was short but he found his way into the hearts of all he met. He was a bright little fellow, and could bring a smile to any face that was clouded with sorrow. How dark our lives seem without him but we want to be able to look up and say "Thou wilt, O Lord not ours." We can only trust in God and meet him in heaven.

Weep not for little Eugene dear family and friends, for our loss is his eternal gain.

May God's richest blessings be on the family is my prayer.

"A place is vacant in our home,

A voice we loved is still.

There is a dark void in our heart,

That never can be filled."

Lela Kemp

YANDELL-GUGENHEIM COMPANY



We have the goods and the prices that bring the bacon home. Whatever you may need in the way of merchandise---

**STOP HERE -- LOOK HERE
PRICE HERE!**

We have always the BEST for the LEAST!

SUITS--OVERCOATS--PANTS

For Work or Play--For Father or Son

We have a style for every man. We have a suit, overcoat, trousers for all sizes --- men, young men and boys---the best of style, the lowest of prices.

**Clean Up Sale of
Ladies' Coats and Suits
Misses' and Children's Coats
Buy Here and Save Your Dollars!**



Rugs, Druggets and Linoleums New Patterns -- New Prices

We always have the large stock to select from, and when you buy from us you get dependable goods.

Dry Goods Silks Cotton Goods Shoes for Every Foot Underwear Hats Caps Notions

And you can find your Xmas gifts here.
They are what you want and not expensive

Christmas Time ... is ... Jewelry Time

No gift is more highly appreciated than well-chosen jewelry. Select from our complete stock. It will be a pleasure for us to show you.

RINGS
WATCHES
BROOCHES
CUT GLASS
SILVERWARE
WRIST WATCHES
DIAMONDS
BEADS

**LEVI COOK
JEWELER
Marion, Kentucky**

FREDONIA

N. Dollar was on our streets Monday.

Judge Canada will move to Fredonia from Princeton soon.

Mrs. Luther Elder and Charlie Travis will move to Princeton the first of next week.

John Clift met with a severe accident last week when he was scalded while at his mill. He will be confined to his room for a few days.

Mr. Henry Rice has moved to town for the winter to place his children in school.

Miss Mae Belle Lowery has typhoid fever.

Ivan Bennett is on the sick list this week.

Tom Deboe of Pinkneyville has moved to what is known as the old David Maxwell farm. He will make this place his home for some time.

Frank Deboe has moved to his new home in town.

There will be a Christmas tree at the Cumberland Presbyterian church Saturday night December 24. Everybody is cordially invited to attend.

Nellie Harmon and children spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents.

Dr. John Mott of Crider visited his daughters, Mrs. Mae Lowry and Mrs. Belle Ray, this week.

DYCUSBURG

Mr. Christman, of Kuttawa, spent several days in town this week.

Mrs. Sue Brashler of Kuttawa is visiting here.

Chas. Ray Simmons of Paducah returned home Tuesday after a few days visit here with friends and relatives.

Miss Geneva Cooksey spent Saturday in Paducah.

Miss Pearl Simpkins, of France, spent the week end the guest of Misses Ola and Tylene Charles.

Miss Rhea Cooksey is visiting in Kuttawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Hall were in town Sunday.

There will be a pie supper at the City Hall Saturday night.

Dr. R. L. Beeler spent this week here.

Miss Ialeen Ferguson entertained a crowd of young people Thursday night of last week at her home. Those present were: Misses Pearl Simpkins of Frances, Tiline Charles, of Paducah, Pauline Trail of Birdsville, Ola Charles and Anna Louise Glenn, Messrs. Anson Bennett, Frank Charles, Hasting Holland, Bennett Ramage, Tom Charles and Herbert Perryman.

Hal Kingsolving of Salem was in town Saturday.

Atty. Eugene Graves, of Paducah, spent several days here last week.

Miss Tiline Charles entertained a number of friends at her home Wednesday night of last week.

F. B. Dycus, Jr. was in Marion on business one day last week.

NOTICE

I will be at the B. I. Allen home-stead December 10, between 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. to show anyone over the farm who may want to buy it.
R. M. ALLEN, Ex.

A destructive fire occurred in Hazard, Ky., which destroyed \$200,000 worth of property in the business part of the city.

The Baptist denomination are to build a \$285,000 hospital in Louisville next spring.

Henry Phillips and T. R. Bracey of Casad. were in town Thursday.

Mrs. J. M. Phillips, who has been on an extended visit in Arkansas returned home Thursday.

A Good Gift for Your Boy or Girl

A Savings Account with us for your boy or girl—that youngster in your home that you want to remember with something substantial—will be a splendid gift, and at the same time it will start that much loved person in the habit of thrift.

What Greater Gift Could You Offer Your Child Than One That Will Encourage Him to Form Good Habits?

Let us tell you about our Savings Accounts for children. Have Santa Claus to slip one of our Savings Pass Books in your little one's stocking Christmas eve.

**Farmers Bank & Trust Co.
MARION, KY.**

The Best Coal At the Same Price West Kentucky Coal That Burns

Fill up Your Coal-house now and be ready for big fires Christmas.

Best Lump and Egg, Per Bu.20c
Delivered, Per Bu.22c
Best Nut Coal, Per Bu.18c
Delivered, Per Bu.20c

**City Coal & Transfer Co.
R. S. Elkins
Phone 31-2 : Marion, Ky.**

A valuable stock barn near Lexington was burned on the 7th, with 13 fine horses, said to be worth \$13,000. The stock and barn was valued at \$18,000.

A head-on collision of two passenger trains near Philadelphia, occurred last Monday and twenty-seven people were killed and many others hurt.

Having your clothes clean doesn't make you any better, but it certainly does make you look better.

Everybody wants to look good to Santa, so let me suggest that you call National Dry Cleaners today.

GET YOUR SUITS CLEAN FOR XMAS

The work will please you, and the price is right.

Let us do your Repair Work
Let us do your Dyeing
Let us do your Cleaning
Let us do your Pressing

National Dry Cleaners

Tel. 148 L. E. YATES, Prop. Tel. 148

GRATHWELL UNFOLDS INTERESTING SECRET ABOUT YOUR "HOODOO"

"Getting By Your Hoodoo" is Sam Grathwell's lecture subject on his present tour with the Affiliated Lyceum Bureau. This popular young lecturer "got by" his "hoodoo" several years ago and today he is one of the most popular of the younger lecturers of the American platform. For six



years now he has been in lyceum work in the states and Canada. He presents high ideals in a manner which especially appeals to young people. His delivery is a composite of force and humor, backed by a pleasing and dramatic personality.

School Auditorium
Tuesday, Dec. 13
Under Auspices of the
Senior Class.

SEASON TICKETS 80c and \$1.60

SHADY GROVE

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Tudor left Monday for Alabama, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Leet are visiting his grandparents at Blackford.

Miss Susie Guess was the guest of Miss Cleo Utley Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyneth Brown were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tucker Horning Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Joyce were the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Stephens Sunday.

Misses Inez Horning and Rae Coleman and Thelma Wood visited Mrs. Pearl Horning one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Horning were the guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tucker Horning Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Stephens have moved to their new home at this place.

Mrs. Nannie Boyd and children were guests of Mrs. Pearl Horning Saturday.

BLACKBURN

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Vanhooser of Deanswood spent Saturday and Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. McConnell.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Joyce, of Shady Grove, moved to their farm near this place last Tuesday.

C. P. McConnell and W. B. Stenbridge and Riley Lamb went to Marion on business Tuesday.

Mrs. Alma McConnell spent a few days last week with her mother, Mrs. Laura East, of Shady Grove.

Misses Ila Stenbridge and Verda East spent one afternoon last week the guest of Mrs. Roy Joyce.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hopkins and children spent Sunday at the home of O. J. McConnell and family.

W. B. Stenbridge spent Sunday the guest of his brother, Isaac.

Tom Hunt, of the Crider section, will move soon to Mrs. E. J. Vanhooser's farm near this place.

Rev. W. C. McConnell, of Deanswood, attended prayer meeting at this place Wednesday night.

Miss Lucy Stevens and Mr. Roy Leet of Shady Grove were in this section last week.

Mrs. J. H. East and daughter, Verda, visited her mother one day last week.

F. Clift of Fredonia was in this section one day last week.

Velda Juanita, the little babe of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hopkins, is on the sick list at this writing.

Willoughby Casper went to Providence last week.

SEVEN SPRINGS

Mr. Mont Duvall took some cattle to Evansville last week.

Mr. Hobert Greenlee and Miss Ethel Farris, of near Salem, went to Marion and were united in marriage last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Kirk are the proud parents of a ten pound baby boy.

M. L. Patton was in Marion Tuesday of last week.

Collin and Carrolton Patton visited relatives near Emmaus last Sunday.

Mrs. Nellie Bennett, of Paducah, visited relatives in this section last week.

Mr. J. R. Brashier and family have moved into their new home.

James Engler and wife visited W. Guess and family near Koon last Sunday.

Guy Patton was in Marion last Tuesday.

Our teachers at Boaz are preparing for a Christmas entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Duncan and Mrs. Beulah Henry visited Bedford Blakes near Frances last week.

Willie Clark and wife have been visiting relatives here the past few days.

PUBLIC SALE

—I WILL ON—

Monday, Dec. 12th

At the Court House, Marion

Offer for Sale to the highest and best bidder the following Property:

One Farm, known as the B. I. Allen homestead. The said Farm contains about 90 acres and is located 4 miles Southwest of Marion adjoining the J. H. Moore farm. Sixty-five acres in cultivation and more timber than needed to keep up the farm 1 house and Barn and other buildings, two Cisterns and one spring, everlasting.

The property described will be sold for Cash or on a credit of six months with approved security.

Possession will be given at once.

Sale takes place about 1:00 P. M.

Sam Carnahan Auct.

R. M. ALLEN Ex.

Route 3

Marion, Ky.

MIDWAY

Jim Minner, wife and daughter, of Cedar Grove, spent the week end visiting relatives here.

Mr. George Conyer, of Morley, Mo., visited relatives in this vicinity a few days ago.

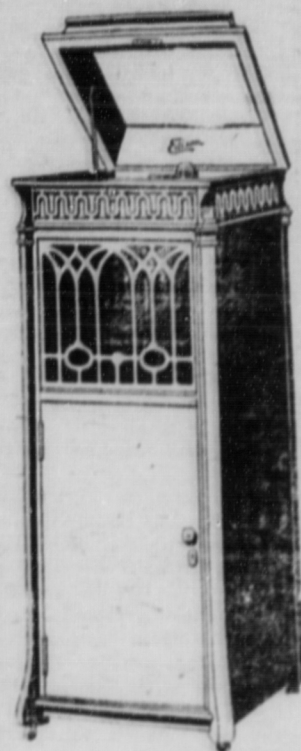
Mrs. Lina Davidson and daughter, Susie McKinney, accompanied by their sister and aunt, Lou Batley, of Al-

len Springs, Ill., were guests last Tuesday of Mrs. Dean Franklin.

Mr. Reuben Wheeler and wife attended the funeral of his step-mother at Chapel Hill on Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. Jesse Franks has been real sick the past week.

Mr. Jasper Franklin, wife and daughter, Lemah, and our school teacher, Miss Anna Laura Howerton,



How many of your friends have Victrolas? Why not make a list of those friends and then for each of them select records that they will enjoy, and—

RECORDS

will make splendid
CHRISTMAS

gifts for any of your friends who have Victrolas.

Stop at our store and hear some of our new records—it may help you to solve some of your gift problems.

G. W. Yates

Music Store

EVERYTHING MUSICAL

Telephone 46-7

MARION, KY.

of Repton, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Wheeler.

Mr. John Farmer moved to the Will Brown farm last Wednesday.

Mr. Vernie Summers and wife spent Thanksgiving with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Little, near Pleasant Grove.

Dallas Davidson, of Tolu, visited Tuesday with his sister, Mrs. George McKinney.

J. H. Price spent a few days last week with his daughter, Zetta Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Todd, of Hurri-

cane were guests last Wednesday of her sister, Mrs. Clara LaRue.

Mrs. Lina Davidson and sister, Lou Bailey, returned to Tolu Wednesday of last week after spending several days visiting Mrs. Davidson's daughter, Susie McKinney, and other relatives here.

H. B. Watson and J. H. Price were in Marion one day last week.

Jasper Franklin and Will Conyer crushed rock last week near Mr. Bill Taylor's place.

Miss Sallie Sullenger spent the week end with home folks.

Fares Refunded to Out-of-Town Customers

The Ready & Sons
Paducah, Kentucky.

Mail Orders Will Be Carefully Filled



The Christmas Store is Ready

LET'S MAKE IT
An Old Fashioned Xmas

Planning, working, giving for the happiness of somebody else—the old fashioned Christmas spirit incarnate, so dear and unforgettable.

This store stands ready with a treasure house of gifts to aid you in your choosing—the gift to make your pleasure and happiness complete.

Season's Smartest Suit Modes in a Timely Sale

"Same old Suit the livelong day!" is the plaint of many a tired Christmas shopper. This special Suit selling is just in the nick of time for a Suit will freshen you up like magic. This collection includes simple tailors of incredible smartness and distinguished models with a dressier trend. Fur trimmed styles offer particularly notable values. A splendid assortment arranged for your choosing at

25% DISCOUNT

The New Gloves— Holiday Assortment



Gloves are taking to themselves new little whims and fancies. The holiday assortments presented are all sparkle with unexpected new things in gauntlet wrists and stitching, striking color combinations and smart new styles.

Novelty French Kid Bandelet Gloves, two button, fancy embroidered. Over seam stitching. black, white, brown, tan, cream and grey **\$3.75**
Kid Gauntlet or Fielder gloves with strap, fancy and combination stitching, white, black, brown, tan, cream **\$4.50**
Twelve and sixteen button Kid Gloves black or white, \$3.50 and **\$3.98**

Small Furs, Satisfyingly Smart

These fashionable Neckpieces contribute an air of smartness obtainable through no other medium. Values presented are self-evident to one conversant with fur quality and style achievement.

Stoles,
Throws,
Chokers,
Scarfs in a variety of choice peltries; your choice now at a discount of **1/4**



Use SAPOLIO

For Every Room in the House

In the kitchen SAPOLIO cleans pots, pans, oilcloth and cutlery; in the bathroom SAPOLIO cleans porcelain, marble, tiling—the wash basin and bathtub; in the hallway SAPOLIO cleans painted woodwork, doors, sills and concrete or stone floors. See that the name SAPOLIO is on every package.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO.

Sole Manufacturers
New York U.S.A.



Fifty Cups
OF
Delicious
Coffee
to the
Pound



Gifts of Negligees Give Comfort All the Year

The kindly thought that prompts the comfort-giving gift is beautifully expressed here. Frivolous Silken Negligees adorably lacy and frilly; dainty Crepe Kimonos, with delightful Japanese Robes warm and becoming; and big Blanket Robes that defy cold.

COROUROY ROBES
\$5 to \$9.50
CREPE KIMONOS
\$2.50 to \$6.50
BLANKET ROBES
\$3.50 to \$8.50
LACY NEGLIGEEES
\$8.50 to \$25

New Handbags to Match New Costumes

Almost a Handbag to each costume, seems to be today's mandate, and their diversified charms make a multitude of them wholly desirable. Smart Leather Bags and Purses for the tailor, supremely elegant Beaded affairs and beautiful Silk and Satin creations for dressier requirements. A fascinating assortment at prices you'll approve for gift and personal purchases.

The CLAN CALL

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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woman, if you had an education."

Babe Littleford pursued with child-like eagerness: "And what makes you want me to be such a splendid woman?"

Dale lifted his gray eyes and answered her frankly:

"Because I expect to marry you some day."

Babe Littleford blushed deeply. Her eyes were glad, filled with rejoicing. If he didn't love her now, at least just a weeny-teeny bit, he wouldn't be thinking of marrying her some day, certainly, and this conclusion made her happier than she had ever been in all her life before. She wished wildly that she could hug him with all her might—and she had a big notion to do it. But what would he think of her?

Well, there would come a day when she would surely hug him with all her might. She would simply break his blessed bones, almost.

"Will you go to Patricia tomorrow?" he asked.

She really believed that she ought to go. But the thought of leaving him was more hateful than ever, now that she knew he meant to marry her. She strove to change the subject—

"See that little, teeny flower over there—that little, teeny, blue one?" she asked, pointing. "That's a day-flower. It's the purest blue of any. They call it a dayflower because it don't last but just one single day." And again, pointing: "See that little, teeny, purple flower over there at them twisted laurels? That's called Job's tears, and they don't last but one day, neither. That little red, spidery thing is bee balm. Over yander at the blackberry is monkshood. I farned the same out o' a book Major Bradley lent me. Hadn't we better be a-goin' toward home? It'll be a-counin' dark purty soon, won't it?"

Said Dale, "Will you go back to Patricia tomorrow?"

"I—I've been a-wonderin'," murmured Babe. "Which is proper, Bill, bust or burst?"

Dale spoke quickly. "Burst for you, bust for me. Will you go back to Patricia?"

Heaten, Babe Littleford drew a long breath and smiled.

"Yes, Mister Dale," she answered resignedly. "I will. I'll go whar—where you want me to go, ef—if it's to Torment. Now tell me how it comes that I find my people and their enemies as thick as molasses in a jug, while we walk on."

When Dale returned to John Moreland's cabin from having seen Babe Littleford safely to her father's door, he found Major Bradley and by Heck waiting at the gate. Heck had some important, bad news, he said.

"Better not tell me about it until after supper," replied Dale. "I'm as hungry as you ever were, Hy."

They went in to sit down to one of the best meals Addie Moreland had ever prepared. When they had finished eating, John Moreland led the way into the best room, where they took chairs. The major produced cigars. By Heck, swollen with a feeling of greatness, lighted the wrong end of his weed, faced Dale, and began to unburden his mind of its weight of information.

"Well, Bill, old boy," he began—and then stopped to wonder why his cigar wouldn't smoke as well as the major's. "Well, Bill, old boy," he went on finally. "Henderson Goff, he's shore been as busy as a one-armed man in a bumblebee's nest. I can't see, igod, what's wrong with this here scoggyar. He's vent and bring about twenty-five Torreys from two places known as Jerusalem Cove and Hutton's Hill, to help work his mine when he gets it. They're all a-puttin' up with them Balls. The Torreys is part Injun, Cherokee Injun, and I've heered it said at it was as bad or wuss'n rattlesnake broth."

Major Bradley blew a little cloud of smoke upward. "More of the game of bluff, perhaps," he suggested.

"I'm inclined to think so," thoughtfully said Dale. "Well, we'll avoid trouble as long as we decently can; and when we can no longer get around it, we'll call in as much of the law as we can get, and meet it half-way. Eh, Hayes?"

"Sure," nodded the mining expert.

Dale was on his way to the new siding the following morning, when he met Henderson Goff. Again Dale was forcibly reminded of stories he had heard and read of Mississippi river steamboat gamblers of the long ago. Goff stepped out of the trail, smiled and spoke with apparent good humor. Dale passed him without a word.

Then the shyest coal man called out, "Ready to set yet?"

The Moreland Coal company's manager halted and faced about with a puckering of his brows.

"For a fair price, yes."

"Just what would you call a fair price?"

"Oh, somewhere between two and three hundred thousand," promptly.

Goff smiled, and the corners of his mouth came down.

"You don't want much. You won't get it from me!"

"I don't want it from you." Dale turned and went on. He was sorry that he had stopped to talk with the fellow.

That afternoon he again met Goff in the trail. The bare sight of the shyster made him very angry now, and his right hand fell upon the butt of the big revolver on his hip. Goff was about to sidestep in the laurels, when Dale caught him roughly by the arm.

"See here," he said sharply. "You've about cut your little swath. We've had enough of you. You can't get this coal at any price, and the sooner you get yourself out of this country the better and safer it will be for you. To be plain, I'm pretty apt to thrash you the very next time I see you. Now move on!"

Goff went off laughing wickedly. "Oh, all right, Dale; go ahead and build the little road for me!" he said.

Late that night every sleeper in the valley of the Doe was awakened by a great, rumbling explosion, which was followed almost immediately by another great, rumbling explosion. Before the reverberations had died away, Bill Dale had dressed himself and was standing on the vine-hung front porch, and he was only a few seconds ahead of John Moreland.

Then there came the tearing sound of a heavy explosion miles to the eastward.

"Do ye know what it is?" inquired the mountaineer.

"They've stolen our dynamite from the tobacco-barn, and blown up the office and supplies building and the commissary building; also they've blown up the big trestle near the siding," Dale answered.

"At's my guess, too," said Moreland.

Within the next half hour Dale and Hayes, Major Bradley, and the men-folk of the Morelands and the Littlefords had gathered around the wreck of the two big, unfinished frame buildings. Dale blamed himself much for having left dynamite unguarded in the tobacco-barn—but nobody else blamed him for it.

"It's time to let the law in," he said when he had viewed the jumbled mass of broken planks and timbers by the light of lanterns. He turned to stalwart Luke Moreland.

"You get on my horse and ride to Cartersville for the sheriff. Tell him he can get the best posse in the world right here, if he needs one. It's the proper thing, isn't it, major?"

"Yes," said Major Bradley. "It's the proper thing. You've got a real grievance now. But I fancy Goff had nothing to do with this; he is shrewd enough to know that a thing like this would cook his goose. Goff has been playing a bluff game all along, you know. Some Balls or some Torreys, perhaps a mixture of both, have done this without Goff's knowing anything about it. I'd have Sheriff Flowers arrest several of the Balls and several of the Torreys, and try to scare them into turning state's evidence to save themselves."

The major finished in a low tone, because of the probability for eavesdroppers, and in this he was wise.

"We'll do that," Dale decided.

He faced Hayes, his right-hand man, and began to give orders like a veteran general manager. The men were to take their rifles with them to work in the morning, but they were to fire no shot unless it was in defense of life or property. In the morning every available wagon in the valley was to be sent to the little sawmill that was in operation ten miles toward the lowland for more building material.

By Heck joined them then. He guessed just what had happened, plucked at Dale's sleeve and whispered:

"Spoken I takes a sneak at two toward them lowdown, walnut-eyed, knock-kneed, daddled Balls and Torreys and finds out what I can find out; hey, Bill?"

The answer came readily: "Sure, you be detective. But be careful that you don't lose anything for us, y' know, if you don't gain anything."

By Heck and his rifle disappeared in the darkness of the mountain night.

A little after work-time that day, Bill Dale started alone on the way of the narrow-gauge railroad for the siding. He wished to see for himself just what the damage had been to the trestle, and he hoped to meet Goff, or a Ball, or a Torrey, and learn something that would be to his advantage.

Before he had covered two miles, he had seen two of the enemy skulking through the woods, and he recognized them for Torreys from Jerusalem Cove and Hutton's Hill; he knew it by their very swarthy skin, their high cheekbones and their coarse black hair, the outcroppings of the Cherokee Indian blood in them. They looked cunning and wicked. Dale loosened in its holster the big revolver that Major Bradley had persuaded him to carry for his own protection. John Moreland had taught him how to use firearms.

At a point near where the little stream that flowed past the Halfway switch emptied into Doe river, where Doe river turned almost squarely to the left, Dale halted abruptly. He had seen a man dart behind a scrubby oak some thirty yards ahead of him; quite naturally, he concluded that the fellow meant to waylay him, and he, too, stepped behind a tree, a big hemlock.

A silent minute went by. Then Dale put his hat out on one side of the tree and peeped from the other side; it was an old trick that Grandpap Moreland had told him about. A rifle cracked promptly and sharply, and a bullet-hole appeared in the rim of his hat!

Following it, there came the coarse, base voice of Black Adam Ball, the mountaineer Goliath:

"You can't fool me. I jest shot to put a hole in yore new hat and to show ye 'at I ain't no bad shot. You can't hit my hat!"

Dale's temper, the temper that had always been so hard to keep under control, rose quickly. He tried to reason with himself, and couldn't; his passion mastered him. He snatched the big revolver from its holster and cocked it. With as steady a hand as ever held a weapon trained, he began to take aim at Ball's slouch hat, the half of which was in plain view at one side of the scrubby oak.

"I fooled you once back there in the middle of the river, he cried hotly, "and now I'm going to fool you again!"

There was in his voice that old, old primitive rage, which frightened him, and puzzled him too, in his better moments.

He let down the bead until it was barely visible in the notch, and eased off the trigger. The revolver roared and spat forth a tiny tongue of flame and a little cloud of white smoke. Ball sprang erect, wheeled, and fell crashing to the leaves!

Dale dropped his weapon. He went as white as death, and his two hands clutched uncertainly at his throat. He was a murderer! No, he wasn't—his bullet had gone wild; it had struck Ball's head on the other side of the tree, by accident. But how could he prove that it had been an accident? Would any jury believe him? It was far from probable.

He stepped from behind the hemlock and went toward the writhing Goliath, whose legs only were visible now.

Then a third shot rang out on the morning stillness. It had been fired from a point some little distance away, and Dale's condition of mind at the moment was such that he didn't even note the direction from which the sound had come. He was un hurt, and he had not heard the whine of a bullet or the pattering of shot on the leaves. When he looked about him, he saw no one; neither did he see any telltale smoke. Perhaps, he thought dimly, it had been a squirrel-hunter that had fired that shot. He forgot about it very quickly for the time being, and went on toward Adam Ball, who now was lying perfectly still.

There was a bullet-hole through and through the great, shaggy head. The face behind the short, curly black beard was of the colorless hue of soapstone. The giant hillman was dead.

Bill Dale knelt there beside Black Adam. Again he clutched at his throat with his two shaking hands, and this time he tore his blue flannel shirt. All the agony and all the remorse in the universe seemed to be gathering there in his heart. Never before had he seen death. Its grim presence terrified him. That the deplorable thing had been an accident, due to his faulty marksmanship, mattered little. He had killed a man, and the blood-red brand of Cain was burning away on his brow; he was a man in a hell of his own making. And kneeling there Bill Dale sobbed a great sob that shook his broad shoulders as a violent ague would have shaken them.

He tried to look at the blue-edged hole in the shaggy head; at the cruel, brutish face that was of the colorless hue of soapstone. Merciful tears blinded him, and he couldn't see. It was a compensation, a pitifully beautiful compensation. . . .

Five minutes passed, five minutes that were as five years to this man who had never been in the presence of death before. Then he realized that he was being surrounded by kinsmen of the dead mountaineer. He looked up into their ashen, angry faces, and they cursed him. Big and gripping brown hands were placed upon him; several rifles were turned upon him; he arose and spread out his arms, and offered his breast to the frowning muzzles. They could give him, at least, oblivion.

"Shoot, if you like," he said bitterly.

"He killed my son Adam," pouting to Dale, "in cold blood. Me and about a dozen o' my kin was on our way over Long ridge to look at a bee tree, when we heered three pistol shots. We was right up thar," pointing to the northward, "and we come a-runnin' over here to see, by gonesies, what was the matter. Well, by gonesies, we found Bill Dale thar down on his knees aside o' my son, Adam, who was as dead as h—l or deader; and Bill Dale was a-sobbin' and a-sobbin' about it. And ef he never killed my son Adam, what was he a-sobbin' and a-sobbin' about, I ax you thar? And my son Adam, he had a rifle, by gonesies, he never shot none at all. He was with us up to a few minutes before, and he hadn't shot none all mornin'.

Shuriff Flowers, I wish ye'd gi' me a good, big chaw o' tobacco, by gonesies, 'cause my son Adam his death it has made me feel bad."

Major Bradley stopped caressing his well-kept gray imperial, walked over to the dead man's rifle, picked it up and put its muzzle to his nose. He scented fresh powder-smoke. Then he faced old Ball with a strange, hard glitter in his blue eyes.

"You are a liar, sir," he said with a peculiar politeness.

A stir ran quickly over the Balls and Torreys. Sheriff Flowers called out:

"Quiet, there!" and there was quiet.

He continued: "Where is Mr. Dale's revolver?"

The Balls had it. They produced it. It had three empty chambers when it should have had but one!

"Pass it to me, butt first," ordered the law's representative. He knew that many a man had been shot while taking a revolver barrel first, and he was taking no chances.

Old Ball obediently turned the weapon around.

"Say, sheriff," he chattered, "have ye plumb forgot about me axin' ye for a chaw o' store-bought? By gonesies, Adam's death—"

Flowers turned to Dale. "I have heard through Luke Moreland," he said with more or less of feeling in his voice. "a good many things in your favor. I want you to know that I'm sorry to have to take you and place you in the Cartersville jail. To show you that I mean it, I'll spare you the irons and allow you to ride your own horse along beside me, as though you were not under arrest at all."

Dale had by this time worn the keen edge from his grief by means of his great will power. He bowed slightly to the officer and replied with grave courtesy:

"Believe me, sir," with the very faintest trace of a smile, "I am very much obliged to you."

Luke Moreland led up the sleek young bay that Bill Dale had named Fox, and Dale swung himself easily into the saddle. He faced the sheriff. "If you're ready to go, sir," he said, "I am."

Together they rode through the woodland toward the broad, green valley, with the Littlefords, the Morelands, Major Bradley and Hayes following closely behind them.

Up on the side of David Moreland's mountain there had been a silent and unseen witness to the arrest of Bill Dale. She was hidden behind a gnarled and twisted clump of sheep-laurel, sitting on a patch of tiny, dainty, pure blue dayflowers—crushing in her hands the tiny purple blossoms that are known as Job's tears.

"We'd a turned right rather see him hung by the neck ontel dead in the jailyard at Cartersville. Ye'uns put down them thar guns. Put down all o' them thar guns right now; hear me?"

He turned back to Dale. "Ye say it was an accident?" he sneered.

"Yes, it was an accident."

"Like the old devil!" roared Black Adam's father.

He stopped and picked up his son's black slouch hat and examined it. There were two bullet holes close together in the rim—and one of them had been there for a long time.

"John Moreland, he's been a-farnin' ye how to shoot," he said, "and yoffe shore farned purty d—d well. It must ha' been yore third shot 'at got Adam."

"I fired only once," disagreed Dale. "Your son fired first; I fired second; and somebody else, I haven't the slightest idea who, fired the other shot."

"Aw, shet up! Ye can tell it at the trial," growled old Ball. Then to his kinsmen.

"We'll hold Dale right here, boys, ontel the shuriff he's sent after comin'. And we'll not move Adam, which same is accordin' to law. I reckon Shuriff Tom Flowers'll find a different job from what he expected to find; won't he, boys? Say, I wish one o' you feller'd gi' me a good, big chaw o' tobacco. He burned ef I don't. Adam's death, it has made me feel sort o' bad, by gonesies, and tobacco's allus a consolation—"

"Bill Dale, you hain't got a chaw o' tobacco on ye, have ye—bought to-becker, store tobacco? It's a durned sight better'n home-made, I says. Ye say ye don't chew! Chew—h—ll! Whyn't ye say 'chaw,' like a man! I allus knowed ye wasn't no 'count, no-how. Nobody at don't chew tobacco ain't no 'count. . . . All right, Jim like," to his nephew, "I'll take a chaw o' yores, then. And I'll take a tofably big chaw, Jim like, 'cause Adam's death has made me feel sort o' bad, and tobacco's allus a consolation."

The sounds of the shooting had carried far, and it wasn't long until the scene of the tragedy was crowded with Balls and Torreys, Littlefords and Morelands. Major Bradley and Hayes, too, were there. Every man of them was armed; a very little thing might easily turn the place into a shambles.

The major saw this, and he was afraid. He drew the leaders of the Morelands and the Littlefords aside, and finally prevailed upon them to do their utmost toward keeping peace until the coming of the sheriff.

At first John Moreland and Ben Littleford were for taking Bill Dale from the Balls and Torreys who guarded him, if they had to depopulate the whole Ball settlement, Jerusalem Cove and Hutton's Hill to accomplish it! Happily, the major's counsel prevailed.

Sheriff Tom Flowers was a tall and lithe, smooth-faced man. He arrived with Luke Moreland at noon, after hours of hard riding. He saw the high tension, and immediately steered himself to handle the situation. After riding straight to the center of the gathering and there bating his horse, he said evenly:

"In order that I may know who to arrest, I must know something of the circumstances. Only one man must speak at a time. No playing bad with me; and remember that, gentlemen. I'll certainly drop the fellow who starts playing boss with me. If it's the last move I make on earth, now somebody gently use his powers of speech."

Major Bradley, more soldierlike than ever, went forward. "As the attorney of Mr. Dale, who stands accused of killing Adam Ball," he said to the officer, "I beg leave to state that my client will do no talking at present."

Dale understood, and he did not open his mouth.

But old Ball had something to say, and he proceeded to say it:

"He killed my son Adam," pouting to Dale, "in cold blood. Me and about a dozen o' my kin was on our way over Long ridge to look at a bee tree, when we heered three pistol shots. We was right up thar," pointing to the northward, "and we come a-runnin' over here to see, by gonesies, what was the matter. Well, by gonesies, we found Bill Dale thar down on his knees aside o' my son, Adam, who was as dead as h—l or deader; and Bill Dale was a-sobbin' and a-sobbin' about it. And ef he never killed my son Adam, what was he a-sobbin' and a-sobbin' about, I ax you thar? And my son Adam, he had a rifle, by gonesies, he never shot none at all. He was with us up to a few minutes before, and he hadn't shot none all mornin'.

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Luke Moreland led up the sleek young bay that Bill Dale had named Fox, and Dale swung himself easily into the saddle. He faced the sheriff. "If you're ready to go, sir," he said, "I am."

Together they rode through the woodland toward the broad, green valley, with the Littlefords, the Morelands, Major Bradley and Hayes following closely behind them.

Up on the side of David Moreland's mountain there had been a silent and unseen witness to the arrest of Bill Dale. She was hidden behind a gnarled and twisted clump of sheep-laurel, sitting on a patch of tiny, dainty, pure blue dayflowers—crushing in her hands the tiny purple blossoms that are known as Job's tears.

"Lord, what'll I do now?" she murmured.

It was a great and unanswerable question, and it was a prayer, too.

"Lord, what'll I do now?" she repeated.

When Bill Dale had ridden out of her sight, she threw down the crushed flowers and flung herself prostrate, with her face close to the hemlock seedies and the earth, and wept low and bitterly, and wept and wept—

"Lord, what'll I do now?" she murmured.

her hands, with her arms down full length, and tried to smile at him.

"You promised me," he said gently, "that you'd go back to Patricia and finish your education."

"I keep my promises," was the quick reply. "Jest like every other Littleford that ever lived kept their promises. I would ha' went back this mornin', ef it hadn't ha' been—"

And there she broke off abruptly. After a silent moment, she continued sadly, half tearfully: "And yet—and yet—the's not a bit o' use in me a-goin' back now!"

"Why?" Dale was smiling, and she was glad to note that he did not appear to be grieving over his misfortune.

"'Cause the's ain't," simply.

"But you'll go?"

"Yes," she said, "in the mornin' I'll go."

He bent toward her and held down his hand. "Good-by, little girl. I hope it will come out all right, and I believe it will."

Babe slowly lifted her hand to his. Her eyes were downcast.

"Good-by," she told him brokenly. "And I hope it will come out all right, too—God knows I do, Bill Dale."

Thus they parted. Dale rode back to the sheriff and Major Bradley, and a minute later the three of them started for the lowland and Cartersville jail.

When a bend in the dusty ox-wagon road had hidden them from view, Elizabeth Littleford turned homeward. Her mother followed her.

The younger woman dropped to the stone step at the vine-hung front porch with the air of one who is very tired, plucked a full-blown marigold and began absently to tear its petals slowly apart. Mrs. Littleford looked out across the meadows, sighed, smoothed back her gray hair with both hands, and sat down beside her daughter.

"I wouldn't worry about it, Babe, honey," she finally said. "Then she too plucked a marigold and began to tear its petals slowly apart. "Ef he killed Adam Ball, it was to save himself. He's a good man, honey. I think he's about the best man I ever seed, Babe."

"No, he never killed Adam Ball to save himself even," Babe replied. "He's a fighter, but he ain't no killer. Listen, mother, it might ha' been this away:

"He is kind of a tree, and Adam is kind of another tree. Adam shoots at his hat, and he shoots at Adam's hat—which is the reg'lar way of a two-man fight, as you know. Well, suddenly Adam be jumps up like he's been shot, and falls a-groinin' and a-twistin'. Bill Dale, a thinkin' he's killed Adam, comes out from behind of his tree. Havin' drawed Bill Dale out into the open by his trick, Adam gets ready to shoot and kill him. Jest as Adam is about to shoot, somebody else shoots and kills Adam and saves Bill Dale—mebbe the's ain't time for anything else. Now don't ye see? And don't it all sound natchel, mother?"

"I reckon it does," granted the old woman. "But who was it shot Black Adam?"

"Somebody who is a friend o' Bill Dale's," said Babe. "Somebody who was a-follerin' Bill with the idee o' perfectin' him ef he needed it. Somebody who knowed it was dangerous for him to go off by himself in the woods that away. I've got it reasoned out jest like this. . . . And whoever it was 'at was friend enough to Bill Dale to kill a man to save him will be friend enough to own up when the proper time comes and keep Bill Dale from a-bein' hung. Whoever it was 'at done it is skeered bad now, but later on he'll shore tell it, ef it'll save Bill. You jest wait and see, mother."

"I hain't never forgot," Babe went on, after a moment, "about Black Adam Ball a-tellin' me about a-workin' that same trick on a man over in Nawth Calliner—and he killed the man. The law never found it out. And ye see what Black Adam got. Who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword." It's in the Good Book, mother, honey; and everything in the Good Book is God Almighty's truth, as you know."

"Ef I was pinned down to guess who it was 'at done it," drawled Mrs. Littleford, "I'd guess it was Hy Heck. He was a plumb fool about Bill Dale. His maw she says he talks in his sleep about Bill Dale. He was allus a-follerin' him around like a dawg."

Babe pointed to the meadow. An aged and stooped and witchlike woman was limping slowly through the clover, coming toward them.

"Granny Heck," muttered Babe.

The neighborhood's newsbearer and fortune-teller limped on up to the cabin, and dropped to the stone step beside Ben Littleford's wife and daughter.

"La, la, la!" she panted, for the days were warm. "And hain't it jest terrible! I wish I may die as soon see my own son go to jail! But 'en it'll all come out right yit, Babe. I seed it in the cyards, and I seed it in the cup. Babe, honeydumplin', he never no more killed Adam 'an I killed him myself. I tell ye, the's been some awful ongolly work done, somehow. I know Bill Dale, and the's shore hain't nary durned drap o' killer blood in him."

Babe spoke suddenly to her mother: "I've got to go and wash and iron my new white dress. Acouse—because I'm a-goin' back to Mrs. McLaurin, like I promised I'd go. I'm a-goin' in the mornin', on the fast train. Ye might as well inform pap to hatch up my railroad money, mother."

Just then Hy Heck stopped before the gate.

CHAPTER XI

By Heck Keeps a Secret.

When Sheriff Tom Flowers and the others had been gone for half an hour, Elizabeth Littleford sat up in the silence. It was a great and heavy silence that hovered there over the north end of David Moreland's mountain. There was not even the drumming of a yellowhammer, not even the saucy chattering of a boomer squirrel, not even the twittering of a bird. Not a leaf stirred anywhere. Everything seemed lifeless. It was almost as though she were the sole inhabitant of the world.

Then she thought. It was noontime, and the officer and his prisoner would doubtless halt at John Moreland's cabin for the noonday meal; and if she hastened she would get to see Bill Dale again.

So she ran like a doe through the green woodland, through the tangle of laurel and ivy and over the moss-covered stones, across a shoulder of David Moreland's mountain. She was barefooted, and her dress was a simple garment of white-dotted blue calico, and her long brown hair flowed behind her like the hair of a young witch—because of the excitement of the morning, she had forgotten to give it its usual daily plaiting.

As she drew near to the Moreland leader's home, she saw Bill Dale and the sheriff walk out at the gateway and mount their horses. Major Bradley came out, and he, too, mounted his horse; and she was glad that he was going along. There was a great crowd; all the Littlefords were there, and all the Morelands, and old Granny Heck, the fortune-teller. On every face Babe saw signs of sympathy and sorrow. Her eyes filled. She was so glad that they, too, loved him. It was worth going to jail to know that one was loved like that! Not that it didn't hurt to see him going to jail, of course. Jail and horror are words that mean the same to the mountain dweller.

She went on to tell him good-by. She knew it would be hard, but she steeled herself; she would be a Littleford, and strong. He saw her coming, and he turned his bay horse and rode to meet her. She stopped and clasped

LISTEN!!



NO MAN has ever retired on the money he spent! Like the power of Niagara upon the turbine wheel, is the effect of accumulated dollars in the commercial circle. The great river gathers its strength gradually—and so may you. But there must be a beginning, however small. One hundred pennies are enough to open a savings account, and every dollar you leave will earn four per-cent.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS BANK
Tolu, Kentucky

Local News

Ed Newbell was here Saturday on business.

D. H. Nation, of Repton, was in the city last Friday.

Rev. Richardson, of Repton, was here Friday of last week.

Miss Iva Brantley spent the week end in Blackford.

D. J. Travis went to Wheatcroft Friday of last week.

Willie Jones, of Sturgis, was in Marion last Friday.

Sam Carnahan and family spent the week end in Blackford.

Messdames Kuykendall and Rhinehart went to Evansville last Friday.

The Young Peoples Society Christian Endeavor will meet on Sunday, the 11th, at the Main Street Presbyterian Church at 6 o'clock.

T. J. Sleamaker of Sulphur Spring was here Saturday on business.

Mrs. Calvin Hunt of the Tribune section shopped in town Saturday.

Mrs. Nellie Moore and little son arrived in Marion last Friday after an absence of eighteen years to visit relatives.

J. B. Carter, of Levias, was here Saturday.

Mrs. E. J. Vanhooser, of Clay, was in Marion Saturday.

Lafie Claghorn, teacher of Brown School, was in town Saturday.

J. M. and Miss Virginia Hill, of Tribune, were here Saturday.

Hon. T. C. Bennett has moved his office from the Carnahan building to the new Frisbie building on Main Street.

J. L. LaRue, of the Salem section, was here Saturday and like many others are doing, came in and subscribed for the Press.

Messrs. Clements, Sullenger and Alley shipped 59 hogs and 38 steers Saturday. Prices paid for hogs 6 1-2c for tops and 4c for steers.

Mrs. Frank Dodge, of Sturgis, visited here last week.

The Stork left a lovely baby girl on the 26th of November with Mr. and Mrs. John Newbell.

Miss Lela Kemp, teacher at Haf-faw, was in Marion Saturday.

Messdames Annie Threlkeld and D. O. Boaz, of Fredonia, were shopping here Wednesday.

All persons owing the undersigned are herewith notified that all notes and accounts must be paid by Jan. 1, 1922. J. A. NATION & SON, Repton, Ky.

Rev. Robert Lear returned to Marion Wednesday.

Mrs. Henry Paris went to Evansville Wednesday shopping.

Marriage licenses were issued on Tuesday to Mr. J. B. Hurt and Miss Cordie Lemon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Jones of Princeton were here Wednesday.

W. H. Guess, of Fredonia, was here Saturday on business.

Ernest and Miss Catherine Hughes went to Evansville Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Taylor, of Salem, were shopping here Wednesday.

John M. Nunn and family, of Kansas, who are visiting in this section, were in Marion Monday.

Miss Anice Boston spent the week end in Clay.

The local post of the American Legion have established headquarters in the rooms recently vacated by T. C. Bennett.

Mr. A. Koltinsky, prominent citizen of Princeton, brother of H. Koltinsky, of this city, died last week.

Rev. F. L. McDowell conducted the funeral of Mrs. Tash at Crider Monday.

Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Paris went to Evansville Tuesday shopping.

Dr. Henry Crawford, wife and Mrs. C. W. Haynes visited in Wickliff the first of the week.

Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Hayden, of Salem were shopping here Saturday.

Nice line Christmas goods and latest books. MARY CAMERON

Misses Bertha Graves and Lola Patterson were here Saturday.

Messdames I. H. Clements and W. Clifton went to Evansville Tuesday shopping.

W. S. Lowery went to Henderson Tuesday.

G. W. Yates went to Sturgis Tuesday on business.

Hon. T. C. Bennett made a business trip to Dixon Tuesday.

Magazines make nice Christmas presents. I take subscriptions for all the magazines. MARY CAMERON

M. A. King, of Repton was here Tuesday on business.

S. F. Peck of Dycusburg section was in Marion Tuesday.

Miss Adaline Carter of Levias left Tuesday for Winchester to spend the winter.

Mrs. Annie Baker was in Marion Tuesday.

Miss Nannie Rochester, who has been working with the Red Cross, came home Tuesday to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Rochester.

Bad Small and family moved to Marion Tuesday and will occupy the H. Sullivan property in Rochester addition which he has purchased.

Luther Vaughn has rebuilt a nice bungalow where his former residence was burned in Rochester addition.

Al Orr, of Cave Spring, was here Tuesday.

W. K. Joyce and family left here Tuesday to make their home in Oklahoma.

B. F. Slaughter lost a valuable mare Tuesday from blind staggers. It was supposed to have been caused by eating sorghum cane.

W. Rankin was here Tuesday on business.

Mrs. F. I. Travis, of Tribune was visiting Mrs. E. L. Nunn Tuesday.

A. J. Pickens was in Tuesday and subscribed for the Press.

Judge Aaron Towery, of Shady Grove was in Marion Tuesday on business.

J. Willard Daughtrey has accepted a position with R. R. Donnelly and Sons of Chicago and left Tuesday for that city. Willard is a splendid young man and will make good.

Wanted: Salesman with car to call on dealers with a low priced 6,000 mile fabric and a 10,000 mile cord tire. \$100 a week with extra commissions. Universal Tire & Rubber Company. Michigan City, Indiana.

Attorney Jno. A. Moore has moved his office over the Marion Bank.

Mr. Merchant: Advertise your goods in the big special issue of the Crittenden Press. Advertising rates same as usual.

If you know of anything new telephone that item to the Press office.

Mr. City and County Officer: Why not reserve a place in our big Christmas issue to use as a card of thanks and of good will to your friends.

Teachers: Please write or telephone your Christmas news for our special issue.

If you are going to have visitors Christmas telephone us.

Advertise in the Christmas issue of the Press.

FRANCES

Miss Nellie Pogue is visiting her brother and family of Nortonville.

Mr. Burle Burklow of Nortonville visited his family of this place Sunday.

The Frances High School will put on a play at the school auditorium in the near future.

Mr. Wm. Polk lost a fine cow last week.

Mr. J. R. Brashier has moved to his new residence on his farm on the Dycusburg road.

Mrs. W. Ray Oliver has gone to Cadiz for a short visit to her brother, Mr. Don Harris.

Mr. Milton Yandell has returned from Hopkinsville where he has been a few days on business.

Mr. L. Simpkins left for Nortonville last week where he will work in the coal mines.

Mr. L. Simpkins and Oman Matthews were in Hopkinsville last week.

Mr. W. R. Gibbs lost a fine jersey heifer last week.

Mr. Collie Beavers lost two fine milch cows last week.

Mr. Ray Riley and Calvin Owens, of Dycusburg, were visiting at the home of Mr. W. H. Teer Tuesday and Wednesday of last week.

Miss Charline Hard returned home Friday from Illinois where she had been visiting her brother, Henry.

Born to the wife of Mr. Henry Blake a fine boy on Nov. 26.

Miss Odith Simpkins and Miss Wilia Belle Asbridge of Frances visited in Dycusburg last week.

Mr. Charlie E. Simons, of Paducah was in our section recently.

Miss Ruby Brasher was in Frances recently.

Mr. Herbert Perryman, of Dycusburg, was in Frances last week.

Ervin Yandell visited Mr. Willie Humphrey of Aluminum Town last Sunday.

Miss Zola Simpkins visited Miss Zula and Inez Burklow Wednesday.

WHITE ROSE

The pound supper at Ralph Brown's home Saturday night was well attended and everyone reported a nice time.

Edgar McKinney and family, of Lyon county, were guests of W. H. Campbell and family Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Edd Hall and children spent Saturday with Tom Hall and wife.

Mrs. J. C. Bennett returned to her home in Paducah after a few days visit with her father, Billie Campbell.

H. Kinsolving and P. Polk, both of Emmaus, attended the pound supper at Polk Brown's Saturday.

Mrs. Gus Crouh visited her mother, Mrs. Cora Asbridge Friday.

Mrs. Add Davis was the guest of Mrs. Davis Thursday.

Mrs. Thomas Perryman of Mexico visited Mr. B. Sunderland and family Wednesday.

Mrs. Black has returned to her home in Metropolis, after a short visit with Mrs. J. McKinney.

Mrs. Sam Perkins is in very poor health at this writing.

Mr. Riley Brashier has moved to his new home.

Mrs. Tom Campbell and Mrs. Nell Bennett were guests of Mrs. Nina Asbridge one day last week.

Miss Pet and Georgina McClure spent Saturday night with Mrs. Mittie Brown.

-BAZAAR-

Benefit School Improvement Club

At School Building
Friday, Dec. 9th

Candy Booths, "Hot Dogs", Fish Pond for the little folks, a market where you can get Cakes, Pies, Etc. A beautiful assortment of fancy needlework, A Play in the Auditorium.

Doors to Bazaar open at 4 P. M.

"Podunk Limited" begins at 8 P. M.

Gifts for Everbody!

Dolls of every sort and kind. Christmas cards, tags and seals. Games of all kinds for the children.

BOOKS—Books, Every kind and at all prices, but all of them good books. Where could you get a better gift?

Are You Wondering What to Give?

Fancy Gift Boxes of Toilet Water, Perfumes, Candies, Stationery, Manicure Sets, Toilet Sets, Kodaks—Make Wonderful Gifts for HER.

Cigars, Pipes, Fancy Tobacco Boxes, Safety Razors—Gifts for HIM.

Holiday Boxes In All Sizes

J. H. ORME

Main Street Drug Store

Marion, Ky.

ENGRAVED GREETING CARDS

For Christmas & New Year

Come as early as convenient and look over the new Christmas cards and give us your order now while our service is at its best. Be sure to ask to see the new HARCOURT CARDS. This line is exquisite.

The Crittenden Press
MARION KY

We are also showing an unusually attractive line of monogram stationery made by this excellent house

Santa Claus Has Been at Our Store

GIFTS FOR EVERYBODY!

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!

DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!

Wagons Horns Wheelbarrows Autos Dishes

A little boy said the other day, "It's just like stoppin' in at Christmas to visit Grady's."

All kinds of good things to eat—Nuts, Fruits, Candies

C. W. GRADY

New Grocery and Variety Store
MARION, KENTUCKY

Where Is It?
First Door South Farmers Bank & Trust Co.

Let Us Help You Solve Your Gift Problems

This is an invitation for you to visit our store and take a look at our big line of goods. The biggest and completest line we have had since before the war.

Hundreds and Hundreds of Dolls
Fancy Vases & Dishes Beautiful Glassware
Toys of All Sorts for the Children

FRUITS, NUTS, CANDIES OF ALL KINDS

Let Us Furnish the Good Eats for Your Christmas Dinner.

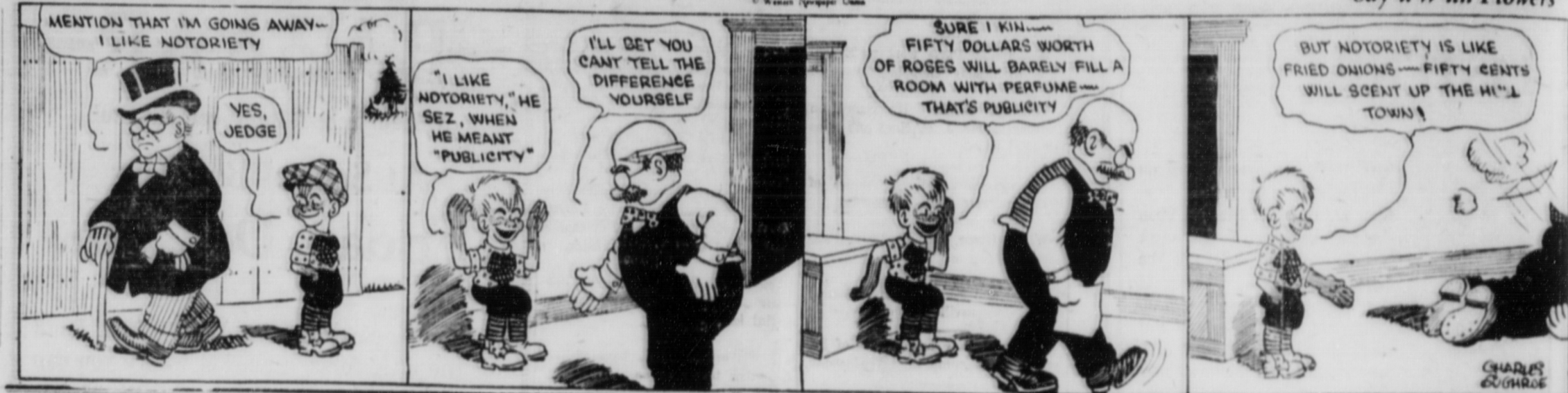
Morris, Son & Mitchell

Marion, Ky.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe
© Western Newspaper Union

"Say it With Flowers"



LEVIAS

Press Hill and family moved to Marion Tuesday.

Miss Edna Sigler has been visiting her uncle, Joe Hunt, part of the week.

Frank Hunt and family have moved to Marion.

Miss Stella Sigler visited Mrs. V. Hill Friday.

Coy Hill has moved to his father's farm at this place.

Mrs. Louisa Vaughn and children, of Livingston county, visited her relatives near this place the past week.

J. T. Matthews is visiting in this section.

Cecil Sigler visited Otha Hunt on Thursday of last week.

Ed Newbell, wife and daughters went to Marion Saturday.

Misses Cordie and Stella Sigler attended church at Piney Creek Sunday.

Shelly Matthews and family visited Coy Hill and wife Saturday and Sunday.

Joe Hunt and son have moved to his farm in this vicinity.

Mesdames Rita Carter and Belle Carrigan and little niece visited Mrs. Mary Hughes Saturday and Sunday.

Charley Murray and family visited Hosea Hunt and family Sunday.

Henry and Bob Hughes and Walter O'Neal visited Winfield Hughes and family Sunday.

LUNGARDIA is "without a rival" in ordinary or deep-seated coughs and colds difficult breathing and for the relief of Whooping Cough. The wonderful results following its use will astonish you and make you its life-long friend. Your money back if you have ever used its equal. Danger lurks where there is a cough or cold: Conquer it quickly with LUNGARDIA. Safe for all ages 60c and \$1.20 per bottle. Manufactured by Lungardia Co., Dallas, Texas.

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HAYNES & TAYLOR

**DO YOUR TALKING
OVER THE
—HOME—
LONG DISTANCE**
FOR BEST RESULTS
QUICK ECONOMICAL

I. H. CLEMENT.

Physician and Surgeon

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Refractive Specialists

EYES AND NERVES

Hours: 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M.

Office Frisbie Building, Main Street

Restaurant

Good Meals for 25c
Give Us A Trial

Mrs. G. E. Boston & Son
Next door to H. V. Stone
Marion Kentucky

GLENDALE

Bro. Capshaw preached an excellent sermon here Friday night to a large congregation.

Miss Jewell Walker and Mr. Luther Hughes were married at the home of the bride's father, Alvin Walker, Tuesday night, Nov. 29 by Rev. Capshaw of Tolu.

Miss Gertrude Walker of Herrin, Ill., is visiting her cousin, Miss Susie Belt.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Clark and children visited in Sheridan Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. F. M. Davidson, of Marion, visited Mrs. Mont. Morrell Tuesday of last week.

Miss Eva Lynn and brother, Earle, went to Marion Saturday.

Mrs. Robert Thomas and grandson, Tracy Rhea, were in Marion on Thursday of last week.

Lee Hughes is very ill with pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hurley visited their daughter, Mrs. Will Todd, Sunday.

Jim Moore and family visited his father, Mr. Cole Moore, Sunday.

Miss Mattie Lindsey was the guest of Miss Ollie Thomas last Sunday.

Miss Geneva Armstrong was the guest of Narline and Clatie Stallions Sunday.

Misses Byrdie and Bonnie Lindsey and Susie Belt spent last Sunday with Miss Davie Hurley.

Mrs. Jno. Armstrong visited Mrs. Press Hatcher Sunday.

Miss Davie Hurley went to Tolu Monday.

Miss Crystal Hughes spent the week end with her brother, Watson, of Siloam.

BELMONT

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Crayne spent Wednesday of last week with Mr. and Mrs. Garrett Boyd.

Mr. Herman Brown went to Marion Saturday on business.

Reed and Dollie Brown spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jesse McMeen.

Velma Brown spent last Tuesday with Mildred Hill.

Mrs. Effie Guess was called to the bedside of her mother, Mrs. John Tucker.

Loia Brown spent Saturday night and Sunday with Ada Andrews.

Norman Brown spent Saturday and Sunday with Eldred and Earl James.

Ada Andrews spent Friday with her sister, Mrs. Emons Asher.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Brown spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Arion Oliver.

Euclid Travis of Providence spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Guess.

GOING IT TOO HARD

C. M. Dillard, miner, Rochester St., Marion, says: "I have had very good results from Doan's Kidney Pills whenever I have been troubled with my kidneys. I have done a great deal of hard work and believe this and exposure caused my kidneys to become weak and act irregularly. At these times my back bothers me dreadfully and if I take cold, causes severe pains just over my kidneys. I am in misery until I get rid of the trouble by taking Doan's Kidney Pills. I get Doan's at Haynes and Taylor's Drug Store and it only takes a few to straighten me up and relieve the backache. Doan's are sure a good kidney remedy and I am glad to recommend them. 60c, at all dealers. Foster-Ilburn Co., fgr. Buffalo, N. Y. —Advertisement

FOREST GROVE

Mrs. Ed Simpson visited Mrs. Minnie Gass Tuesday.

Miss Catherine Terry and Helen Clark visited at Fords Ferry Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Clyde Paris and Mrs. Ed Simpson went to Marion Monday.

Miss Gladys Clark and Virginia Terry were guests of Effie Wathen at Marion Friday.

Mrs. M. E. Gass spent the day Saturday with her mother, Mrs. S. E. Johnson.

The little son of Bob Horning died of diphtheria Monday.

PINEY CREEK

Mrs. A. Sullivan and children visited Mr. Edd Riley and family Sunday.

Loia Brown visited Ada Andrews Saturday and Sunday.

J. O. Belt visited W. A. Woodall Sunday.

Misses Lee and Macy Rushing and O. Elkins visited Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Jennings Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed Woodall visited J. O. Belt Sunday night.

Mr. Jim Lewis Hunt and family have moved to Mr. Hurley Gass' farm.

Mr. Charley Sigler visited Mr. J. Maxwell one day last week.

Mr. Frank Hunt and family have moved to town.

Mr. Walton Woodall visited Ben Belt Saturday.

FISH TRAP

Mr. and Mrs. Nace Frowe and family of this place visited Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thurnmond of near Blackford Saturday.

Mrs. N. Frowe is on the sick list but is improving.

Miss Myrtle Lofton is visiting Mrs. Nora Brantley this week.

The pie supper at Enon was quite a success. The benefit went to the church.

Mr. Claud Brantley, who has been a wireless operator has returned to his home.

Mr. Edgar Walker of Sullivan is visiting Mr. Ed Tower a few days.

Mrs. Lena Babb visited Mrs. Nora Brantley Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Wilson and two children visited Mr. and Mrs. George Martin Saturday.

UNION GROVE

Mr. Jackson Blanton and Mrs. H. Blanton visited their uncle, Mr. Henry Canada last Saturday.

Mr. Reed Woodall and Miss Margie Belt were united in marriage Tuesday of last week.

Miss Helen and Ruth Rucker visited Miss Elizabeth and Margaret Parr Saturday.

Little James Wigginton visited his grandmother at Crayne Saturday.

Mr. H. N. Cannon was in town last Saturday on business.

Mr. Jackson and Miss Hassie Stenbridge were married on Tuesday of last week.

HAFFAW MINES

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Davenport are the proud parents of a fine girl.

Mr. Ollie Campbell got hurt in the mines last week.

Miss Mammie McGee was the guest of Miss Stella Williams Saturday.

Mr. Fred Stinnett was in Fredonia Sunday.

Mrs. Annie Stinnett's mother from Paducah is visiting her this week.

Miss Delpha Rogers was the guest of Miss Nannie McGee Sunday.

Miss Beatrice Lewis spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Maria Campbell.

Miss Gerlene Humphrey attended prayer meeting Sunday night at Haffaw School.

SHOP WITH US BY MAIL

For what you can't find in your home stores

Send Us your Mail Orders

You will find great satisfaction in shopping with us by mail.

We have a competent staff of shoppers in our mail order department that will execute your orders to your entire satisfaction.

Ask us for prices and samples.



Paducah, Kentucky.



Just Remember that We Will Be

Headquarters for
HOLIDAY GOODS

H. L. LAMB

BLACKFORD,

KENTUCKY

STROUSE & BROS.

—For "HIS" Gift

The Largest Men's and Boys' store in southern Indiana—Ready with hundreds of things that will make suitable and practical gifts for men and boys. Come in and see the immense selections we are showing in

Shirts Fur Caps Mufflers
Ties Bath Robes Belts
Hosiery House Coats H'dkfs
Gloves Slippers Raincoats

Strouse & Bros.
Evansville, Ind.

Parcel Post
Insured on
Mail Orders

Dependable Since 1880

Prices Reduced
According to
M. R. Plan

At This Season of the Year

The trees drop their leaves and all nature prepares for the coming winter. Nature is always looking toward the future. Insurance means preparation for the future.

Do you realize how cheap Fire Insurance really is? Ask us.

Crider & Woods Co.

C. W. LAMB

MISS NELLE WALKER

MARION, KY.